

The Athenian Mercury.

Saturday, June 15. 1695.

Quest. 1.

Conced in sighs, complaints and
Tears, and born
An Heir to misery, Reproach and
scorn,
I strive my shatter'd Fortunes to
redress,

But strive in vain, for Heaven denies success:
I murmur, but my self for murmuring hate:
Am I more sinful, or unfortunate?

Ans. At Fates impartial Laws no more repine!
Such is the Lot of mortals, such is thine:
If harder thine then others seems to press,
Others of their own Load complain no less.
Nor wilt thou fickle Fortune's frowns relent,
If rich in Virtue, and in true Content.
Murmur no more, nor grieve thy lost estate,
None but the sinful are unfortunate.

I.

Quest. 2. Happy is he whose quiet Breast
With Thoughts of Greatness ne'er possesseth,
Nor pensive Fears, nor frowning Fate,
Can his own easy Bliss create!

II.

How like the humble Country Swain
Who makes a pleasure of his pain:
Who in his fields and shades can find
Content, to please his even mind!

III.

How nimbly he the Fields does trace;
With what delight walks o'er the Grass!
How pleas'd Surveys the verdant Flow'rs
And pretty neighb'ring shady Bow'rs!

IV.

Whose twining Trees and Cooling Leaves
Such shelter form as Sol deceives;
Where wrapt in virtuous Joys he's blest
With Transports of delight and rest.

V.

There the sweet murmur of the streams
His senses lock in pleasing Dreams.
Say what proud Monarch then can be
So happy, or so blest as he!

I.

Ans. So, tasting all that Heaven could give
So did the first blest mortals live:
No Palace did their maker build,
The Sun alone their Roofs did guild.

II.

No Noise, no Tumult dar'd invade
The silence of their sacred shade;
Those, in the Cities Hive remain,
Those were the Fate and Curse of Cain.

III.

Them frugal nature's easy store
Suffic'd, nor want, nor wish they more:
A talking stream, a silent Grove,
With Innocence, Content and Love.

IV.

For this, if man his Fate might chuse
The wife for this wou'd Crowns refuse;
This now is ours, and if it stay
No longer, still we have liv'd to day.

V.

Under this Oak, it self a Grove,
Sacred to Hospitable Love
On the soft yielding Moss we'll lye,
And Sun at once, and storms defy.

VI.

It Thunders! Let it! We'll not fear;
No Ravisher; or Traitor's here.
Nor can these Plains the Lightning find,
Below the Tempest and the wind.

VII.

Does Fortune scowl! Ene what she will,
Her Eyes, like Basilisks, cannot kill;
Or shou'd she smile, we're not deceiv'd,
She's known too well to be believed.

Quest. 3. Twice twelve years since when in my infant
state

My sighs were sure Prognostics of my Fate:
Sad was I then, and still remain the same
Dragging a Life scarce worthy of that name.
All day black thoughts my clouded mind pursue,
Rending all objects of their own dark hue:
The Sun no comfort yields, and in the night
Vexatious Thoughts my restless Soul affright.
Fain wou'd I drive these Tyrants from my Breast,
And court, I fear in vain, that stranger, Rest:
By Books I seek to ease my troubled mind,
But there for Comfort new Vexation find:
My Judgment's lost, my Intellect decays,
While Sullen Humour in their places sways;
Which like my self I hate, but if it quit
My Breast, and draw a while the Leaden Bitt,
Such frolicks straight possess the empty Throne
As need no worse reflections then my own:
Thus by contending winds my Soul is tost,
By too much looseness, too much straitness lost:
How then, Athenians, may I steer between
These fatal Rocks and keep the Golden mean?

Ans. Unhappy man! Who Freedom boasts in vain,
While every passion makes him drag their Chain:
That noble Freedom lost which nature gave,
His own as well as other Creatures slave.
A Flux of Blood, a Tide of Humours sway,
And Reason must her Rebell-sense, obey:
How, her lost Empire shall she then regain
Resume her Rights, and break the inglorious Chain!

The

The God of Wisdom and of medicine join'd
 Feels at once the Body and the mind;
 Thine with sage counsel purge o're and o're,
 As that with powerful Herbs and Helixore.

Quest. 4. Why do we friendship praise, why rail at Love
 Since both alike our sure Tormentors prove?
 That man has more of bad then good while here
 Troubles we daily feel, and daily fear,
 And is it not enough our own to bear?
 Why do we fondly then our Griets increase,
 And for an empty Name exchange our Peace?

Ans. Too short is Man's own Fund to make him
 blest;
 He must go seek abroad for Peace and Rest;
 Nor ought more like it self kind *Leaven* can lend,
 Than th' *Emanation* of it self — a Friend.
 By him our Joy flows in in fuller Tides,
 And he who doubles that, our Grief divides.
 None then would Friendship's Heavenly Name disown,
 But he that's cur'd so much he can have none.

Quest. 5. When Grief does by some accidental Ill,
 Crucialst for Joy my mind with Raptures fill;
 My Heart with cruel pains with throbbing beat,
 As if it long'd to leave its natural seat:
 The excessive smart dark cause from every pore
 To rise a salt and thin bituminous Gore,
 Which quickly turns into a rapid flood,
 And from my Nose descends in streams of blood;
 To stop this huge course I as the Arm have tied;
 But 'twould not do; and as I sleep in bed,
 I've e'en been strangl'd, and almost found dead.

Ans. Write Verse like this, thy spouting blood
 'twill charm;
 Nor need'st thou for *Revulsion* drill thy Arm.
 Such Verse will wake thee fast asleep in Bed,
 Nay, raise to Life, quite strangl'd, and stone-dead.

Quest. 6. The Female Sex is not so much despis'd
 By th' ignorant, as by the Learned priz'd:
 Have you not in this fam'd Society
 A woman I en to bear your Company?

Ans. If one like yours, a great Fe-li-ci-ty!

Quest. 7. I am just entering on the Stage of Life,
 For what is past has only Childhood been
 To all my part amongst the numerous Crowd
 How long, how short 'twill be there's none can tel;
 How short so ere, 'twill live to learn to dye
 A Christian I profess my self, and fain
 Would live as such, and no Dishonour bring
 Unto my God my Country, or my Friend:
 I implore your aid and kind Direction how
 I may avoid the various Snares the World
 Throws in the way of heedless giddy youth.
 How all its wealths and pleasure I may learn
 To trample on, and scorn its short liv'd Honours.
 Alibans, help against the efforts of vice
 Which with such ease unwary youth entice
 While all our Resolutions prove too weak
 To oppose their charms, or strong Enchantments break.
 Ah 'tis too much for us at once to oppose
 Clandestine Traytors and our open Foes;
 Nature we may expel, but 'tis in vain,
 The fast driv'n back, it fast returns again.
 And with intestine force and foreign aid
 Soon are our Hearts, or conquer'd, or betray'd.

Ans. Ah, what can youths unsteady steps secure?
 Or who can say his Hands and Eyes are pure?
 But yet 'tis possible the prize to gain,
 The glorious prize which far exceeds the pain.
 If you for virtues shining Race intend,
 For the assistance get a virtuous Friend.

Shun ill occasions! Quench the kindling Fire!
 To nobler pleasures, nobler Thoughts aspire!
 Mind was not made for Earth, it soars above,
 And good and true it knows, and knowing needs must
 Love:
 Nor will you ever from the way depart
 If on the end you fix your Eyes and Heart.

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